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VOLUME IX.

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E. NINTH ST. NEAR MAIN.
SHAVING, SHAMPOOING,
HAIR-CUTTING
All done in the Latest Fashion, and Satisfac-
tion Guaranteed. Nothing but clean towels
used. 1-1-17.

Mrs. Pickett, the widow of the Con-
federate general, who made the fam-
ous charge at Gettysburg, has been
appointed to a position in the Inter-
ior Department.

HELEN LAKEMAN;
—OR—
**The Story of a Young Girl's Strug-
gle With Adversity.**

BY JOHN B. MURKIN.
AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD,"
"WALTER HUNTERFIELD," ETC.
[Copyright, 1886, by A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.]

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.
"That bracelet was gold," said Mrs.
Arnold, mysteriously, her naturally
large, white eyes expanding to an un-
usual size. "It was gold and worth a
heap. Now, gold bracelets don't walk
off of their own accord."

"I'm a going to search every thing
about this house," said Hallie.
"I would," reassured the mother.
"I am a going to search that girl's
things, too."

"Yes, I would," said Mrs. Arnold,
sitting in her chair and bobbing her
head approvingly.
"If you can't find it anywhere else
search her, but search every place first;
I am not going to have a thief about
my house," said the firm father at the
front door of the house, snapping his
whip at some vines.

"Well, it's nowhere here," said Hal-
lie, her red face assuming a look of
vexation. "Now I'm going to the
kitchen. Look in that girl's carpet
bag."

"Oh, no," said the mother, a faint
smile on her face. "It will make
Helen mad."

"I don't care. I am a going to have my
bracelet," said her mother, close after
her, she bolted in the kitchen. "Hel-
en," she said, "I'm going to look
among your things."

"What for?" the astonished girl
asked.
"My gold bracelet, worth twenty
dollars, is gone."

"Well, Miss Arnold, I have not got it,"
cried Helen, her eyes flashing.
"I will see for myself," said she
seized the old carpet bag which sat
where Helen had placed it that morn-
ing. Tearing it open, she pulled out
the clothing of Helen and her brother,
much to the indignation of the "third
girl." Helen's mother stood in the
doorway entreating her daughter to
desist.

"No, I won't," and she jerked out a
small bundle of handkerchiefs which
unrolled, and something bright and
heavy fell out. It was a gold
bracelet. Hallie smiled in triumph,
but Helen was dumb with astonish-
ment. A cry from mother and daugh-
ter brought Mr. Arnold to the kitchen.
"She—she is the thief," cried Hallie,
holding up the bracelet and pointing
to Helen.

A mist came before Helen's eyes, her
head swam and she sank insensible to
the floor.

CHAPTER X.
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good citizen in such cases, and allowed
no foolish emotions to come between
himself and that duty.

Little Amos, who had only partially
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knew it was something terrible, burst
into tears. Mr. Arnold, with features

as imperious as stone, walked to-
ward the boy and, laying a hand so
heavy upon his shoulders as to almost
bend the little body double, said:
"See here, sir, we want none of that
noise, do you understand me now? You
just hush that up."

"Oh, sister—sister is dead," sobbed
the child.
"No, she is not. She will recover
soon enough; now you must keep
quiet." Turning to his wife, who stood
in a stupefied manner at the door, her
face turned upward, he added: "You
had better look now and see what she
is gone. You don't know but half the
silverware is stolen."

"Oh, sister, sister!" cried the little
boy, sobbing and holding his out-
stretched hands toward the insensible
Helen.

"Had I not better do something to
restore her?" asked Mrs. Arnold, who
was really agitated.
"No, she will recover soon enough
—all that is put on."

"Let me sprinkle a little water in
her face?"
"Hunt your silver spoons," cried Mr.
Arnold, "and let her alone!" He war-
ranted she'll recover all right.

The suggestion to sprinkle some
water in her face seemed to strike the
boy favorably, and he began to strug-
gle from the chair in which he was sit-
ting. Either the excitement or partial
paralysis of his limbs caused him to fall
from the chair to the floor.

"Oh my back! I have hurt my back,"
cried the little cripple. No one seemed
to care if he had, though the child cried
out with the most intense agony.

Mrs. Arnold was running through her
silverware as though she was not cer-
tain it was all there, and little Amos
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"Sister! sister!" he cried, most pitifully,
"come to yourself again, won't
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All the iron in Mr. Arnold's nature
was aroused.

could not keep little Amos from shed-
ding tears over her sister.
Helen began to revive. She started
up in a dazed sort of way, uncolored
and unheeded for by any one save her
crippled brother. She made an effort
to rise to her feet, and, finding her head
dizzy, sank down in a chair and placing
her arm around the back, laid her head
upon it and sobbed violently.

"Sister, sister!" cried little Amos,
who was now unconscious of the pain
his back gave him, "do look up!—are
you better?"

"Sister! sister!" he cried, most pitifully,
"come to yourself again, won't
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mined, she sat there, trying to bring
herself to face the inevitable.
"If they will only let me take my lit-
tle brother with me, I shall not mur-
mur," she said to herself.

Then she thought of the tempest of
the day before. How much better it
would have been if both herself and
brother had been killed by the "light-
ning" than to live to see this day. What
evil had brought her to this house. A
natural chain of reflections brought
Pete, the peddler, to her memory.

Where was Pete now? Doubtless many
miles on his way with his heavy pack,
trudging along the road. Pete had
promised to befriend her—would he do
it?

Most of all, she thought of Warren.
Would he ever get his beloved love for
her when he heard of her disgrace?
Somehow the bitter pang she felt
was that Warren would hear of her
fall. The future was dark—black. She
knew whither Mr. Arnold had gone.
He would return in three or four hours
with the sheriff and a warrant for her-
self.

Little Amos slept on his last sleep
in his sister's arms. Helen could not
disturb him, and when his hacking
cough seemed likely to arouse him, she
gently rocked him in her arms. "Poor
little fellow, sleep while you can, sleep
while you can," she said, sadly. At
last, after a time, she fell asleep. At
Helen, she heard the ruckaway of Mr.
Arnold drive up to the front gate, and
looking out at the window, saw that
gentleman and a large, dark-whiskered
man got out. The dark-whiskered man
was the sheriff, Mr. Joe Belcher.

"Come right in," Mr. Joe Arnold,
who seemed to have a disagreeable
matter in hand, which he wished to dis-
pose of at once.

Little Amos stirred uneasily, as
though he was receiving a warning in
his sleep of what was to come. Helen
awoke him gently.

"Wake up, little brother, they have
come."

"Who?" asked the feverish boy; "I
don't want nobody to come."

But the heavy tread of feet in the
hall averted the little fellow to silence
again. The key was turned, the door
opened and Mr. Arnold conducted the
sheriff into the kitchen and, pointing to
Helen, said:

"The sheriff then drew a chair up to
her side, and drawing a legal looking
document from the breast pocket of his
coat, began to read:

"State of — and County of —
One James Arnold, makes oath and
says, etc., etc., that one Helen Lake-
man, late of said county, did, on the
fifth day of June, 1886, at said
county, then and there being, one gold
bracelet of the goods and chattels of
Miss Hallie Arnold, then and there
being, of the value of twenty dollars,
did then and there, with force and
arms, knowingly, willfully and felon-
iously take and carry away,
against the dignity of the State. These
are to command you, etc., etc."

CHAPTER XI.
THE ARREST.
Helen sat like one stupefied while the
warrant was read. The voice of the
sheriff quivered, for his honest heart
told him the girl was not guilty, and
then, when he looked at the wretched
child on her lap and from the faces
of each and every one suffering, he men-
tally exclaimed:

"I swear the girl can't be blamed if
she did steal it."

Little Amos looked inquiringly into
his sister's pale, stone-like face at the
conclusion of the reading of the war-
rant, as if to ask what it all meant.
Helen, however, was dumb. Although
she had been all morning preparing for
the blow, the sheriff carefully folded
the document and thrust it into his
pocket, and sat in silence, as though
he hardly knew what to do next.

Helen at last turned her awfully white
face upon him. He shrank like a guilty
person before this angry gaze. Next
she turned her head toward Judge Arnold,
who stood in the doorway. Arnold
struggled with all the power he pos-
sessed to meet her stare, but was com-
pelled to cover before the gaze of in-
jured innocence. At length her lips
moved, and her voice was so hollow
as to startle Arnold.

"Do you believe that I am guilty of
that charge?" she asked.

Arnold was for a moment confused.
He was afraid to risk his voice to say
he did, lest his tongue might fail to
speak, and yet he dare not say he be-
lieved her innocent. He had sworn
out the warrant and must believe what
he stated.

"I have no conversation for you,"
he said, elevating his chin in the air,
"you are now in the sheriff's hands,
and your case is beyond my control."

"Oh, God, that I had only kept beyond
your control!" cried Helen, breaking
down at last and sobbing violently.

"To be robbed by you of our home, and
every thing that would have made
myself and this poor afflicted child
comfortable, and then because I asked
shelter for one night under your roof,
to have yourself or your family seek my
ruin in this way—oh, God, help me
I am beyond the power of forgive-
ing." With a last wall, Helen threw
herself forward and bowed her head
upon a table near by.

"Don't cry, sister, don't," sobbed the
little cripple, while the tears rolled
down his cheeks, "they shan't hurt
you. God won't let 'em hurt you."

The sheriff, a frown on his brow, for
this was a perplexing case, arose and
began walking the kitchen floor. He
was troubled, but, like a brave official,
resolved to do his duty. Mr. Arnold
stood patiently at the door. He had
just caught sight of his wife, who stood
at the door of the dining room. She
was, perhaps, the most hard-hearted
woman in the county, and yet weak and
unable to hear with calmness any great display
of feeling. Mrs. Arnold's face was
high in the air, but greatly agitated.

Mr. Arnold was impatient to have
this "wee-wee," as he called it, over with.
"I say, Belcher," he said, "why don't
you take her on and stop that howling?
I swear I don't want such an uproar in
my house."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Silence may be golden, but notes
are rarely musical.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.
—General Butler has a new lecture
on "The Part Massachusetts Took in the
War of the Rebellion."

—There are six Boston editors who
have lived to the age of eighty or more,
and this has given rise to the opinion
that journalism at the Hub is a sure
promoter of longevity. —Chicago Jour-
nal.

Sarah Bernhardt has been pre-
sented with two thousand acres of land
by her admirers in the Argentine Re-
public. And yet she has not signed her
intention of becoming a cattle
queen. —Chicago Times.

—Governor Kirkwood, who was
defeated in a Congressional race in an
Iowa district at the recent election, had
never before, in his political career of
more than forty years, being beaten at
the polls. —Chicago News.

—Eleven old ladies held a tea party
at Arcade, N. Y., the youngest being
71 years of age, the average 73 years
and 2 months, and the combined ages
806; three were over 80 years; all had
been married, and nine were widows.
—Buffalo Express.

—Rev. Dr. Talmage said in a late
interview: "The summary of the whole
thing is that this is a grand old world,
and I want to stay in it as long as I
can. I would not want to get out of
it at all if I did not believe that there
was a grander one. This is a good
enough one for me for a long time
yet." —N. Y. Mail.

—Mrs. Theodore Tilton is described
as a lonely and heart-broken woman
as she sits and weeps from day to day,
buried in the seclusion of a Protestant
convent at Newark. Of her two
daughters, one is living a student's life
in Switzerland, the other, her husband
found a home among friends in Chi-
cago. —N. Y. Graphic.

—John Jacob Astor is rated at \$150-
600,000, and is probably the richest
man in America. The great bulk of his
property consisting of real estate. He
married a Miss Gibbs, of Charleston, S.
C., and William Waldorf Astor, the ex-
Minister to Italy, is his only son. The
old gentleman is a liberal liver and
somewhat gouty. —N. Y. World.

—Mrs. John Steele, a white woman,
said to be the daughter of a wealthy
Virginia family, was buried from a col-
lege in America. The burial was made
in a vault in the cemetery of the
University of the City of New York.

—Five of the most prominent colored
ministers of the city officiated. It is
said that she ran away with her father's
coachman when a girl, and ever after
identified herself with the people of her
husband, a handsome and intelligent
mulatto. —Pittsburgh Post.

—Justice Gray, of the Supreme
Court, is the largest man that walks
Pittsburgh streets. He is tall and
broad, and has a fine head of hair.
For most door-ways. He is a tremen-
dous worker, never tired, but rather
retired. He is a stout, robust, happy
bachelor.

—That is a new wrinkle," said a
remarked the elderly maid, as she ap-
peared her face in a hand glass. —Mer-
chant Traveler.

—That's rather a chestnut," said
Jones to Tompkins, as Miss Brown said
she couldn't sing because of a cold.
—Yes, a hoarse chestnut," said Tomp-
kins. —N. Y. Independent.

—You seem to be in the clouds,
Mr. Peggus," said a friend to an al-
l-time writer the day after the
class dinner. "I certainly do feel
like a thunder." —N. Y. Post.

—Schoolmistress: "You see, child, I
puncture this India-rubber ball, it
will collapse. Do you understand?"
Child: "Oh, yes, I understand. If you
puncture it, it will go squish." —N. Y.
Ledger.

—Yes," said the society young
man, "I think she is indeed a charm-
ing girl, and such a brilliant conversa-
tionist. I talked with her for up-
wards of ten minutes the other even-
ing. She is a real gem. How do you
like her, how do you like her?"
Young person: "She is, however, very
popular."

HUMOROUS.
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FACTORY BUTTER.
A Dairyman's View on the Value of Co-
operation to Every Farmer.

If every man and woman in the Uni-
ted States who owns a cow or more,
had the best butter-making utensils
now known to man, had the critical
knowledge to enable them to produce
the very best advantage, had the best
salt that ever was made from
brine, or dog from the mines, the best
packages and room to make and store
it, still it would be a dreadful mis-
take in them all to imagine they could
produce the butter of commerce
so as to make such a heterogeneous
lot take the place of that which now
rules the great butter markets of the
world, commands the highest price, and
makes the most profit for the men who
milk the cows. The system, no matter
how well managed, would be defective
because it repudiates the modern estab-
lished methods of getting fresh-made
butter into the hands of the high-
priced-paying consumers. It leaves the
product so scattered, and the supply
so inconsistent, that it is not a practical
way for the milk-producers and con-
sumers to meet each other. A few
large dairymen who will get, and regu-
larly supply to customers, the entire
year's production of butter, through
the intervention of one com-
mission man who has his customers
made it with fair success. But for the
mass it is no more practical than for
the whole farmer to reduce his wheat
to flour on the farm, and supply his
customers in distant cities.

The cooperative system that so
largely fills the best markets of the
world, has now such a foothold that
no amount of effort on the part of scat-
tered farmers can supercede it. It has
walked to the front, and can maintain
its advance over any scattering policy,
no matter how much the small
farmer and his wife may know about
butter-making; and though they
produce it in the fruitless, don't fear
from the churn, as is the Darlington
butter that has been sold for many
years at a dollar a pound. The excel-
lence of it lies in the fact that it is
the product of a few dairymen, who
have little to do with getting a price for it in the shape of
the small farmer gets it ready in small
amounts for market. He must pool
his milk, or his cream, with his neigh-
bors to get good prices, just as certain-
ly as he must sell, with them, his sur-
plus wheat, and barley, and meat, and
the milk he produces for the cheese-
factory.

If this would be true even though
every milk-producer was also a first-
class butter-maker, an excellent scholar
and business man, how much more is
it true when applied to the skill- or
the lack of it—that we see ap-
plied to indiscriminate butter-making,
and to the development in business
ways and intelligence that character-
izes so large a portion of the people
who milk the cows. Their success is
illustrated by the quotations for butter
as they read—dairy butter about half
that of creamery.

When we take this view, and know
how true it is that the mass can not be
thus benefited, we question the wis-
dom of a large part of the efforts that
are put forth to teach the farmers to
make and market their own butter.
It is for them to learn to do what they
can not follow as a business. It is for
them to put their fine, raw product into
a class that will return them dis-
appointment and loss. The short road
to the co-operative butter-factory is the
one the mass will tread to make
money, no matter what they suffer
in getting there. —Hoard's Dairyman.

POOR MEMORY FOR TRIFLES.
Jim McSn